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INNER WHEELS

Of Capitalist Politics and Reforms in Pennsylvania.

HOLY JOHN AND REV. SILAS.

State Boss Quay and Allegheny County Quay Bosses Magee and Flynn—What Gives Power to Each—Their Dimensions—Reform—John Wanamaker's "Reform" Movement—The Rev. Silas C. Swallow's Candidacy—The Corruption and Immorality that Form the Ground Work of all These Parties of Capital.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 26.—Pennsylvania has some very envious politics and politicians within her borders. At this end of the State, the Republican party is divided into two factions: Quay, as State Boss, against Magee and Flynn who are little journeymen bosses. Quay never bothers much about Magee as long as Magee confines his operations to Allegheny County. But so soon as Magee tries to "operate" outside of the county, then Quay proceeds to tie the big knots in Magee's ear so that he cannot get through Quay's fences. Magee used to be a pupil of Quay, and Quay taught him all that he knows. But Quay did not teach Magee all that He knows Himself; hence this enmity. But that both are as unprincipled rascals as ever went unburned is a notorious fact.

The peculiar political methods of both are utterly subversive of popular government and directly intended to nullify the ballot, they are more menacing to the genius of democracy than would be the approach of all the armies of Europe.

Quay is said to be the legislative agent of five trusts, and this goes a great way to explain his inconsistent attitude upon the Dingley Tariff and other bills. Quay looks out exclusively for Quay, his political friends are stepping stones to him, and utterly ungrateful withal. He will let any man drop into a hole without any hesitation in order to get over it himself.

For a year or two Quay has posed as a reformer (God save the mark!) and wonderful things were to be done in the last legislature; but when it came to the critical moment, it all fell through—just so much political buncombe; only that and nothing more.

Magee and Flynn are faction leaders against Quay at this end of the State, in conjunction with Dave Martin and others of the same kidney at the other end of the State. Magee is a traction magnate, after the style of the Widener-Elkins-Yerkes school of ex-convicts and franchise thieves. Magee is the local political boss and the city councils are his private property. There are not ten members in the whole outfit that do not carry the Magee nose ring, and when Mr. Magee chooses to take snuff, it is the councilmen's duty to sneeze; consequently Magee has gotten from this city franchises worth millions for nothing, and will get more at the same price.

Flinn is an ignorant Irish blackguard, a typical heeler and labor sweeper, a street contractor brought up in a cobbler shop on a plain but nutritious diet of horse water and fried cabbage. Flinn's front name is Patrick, but for some mysterious reason of his own he calls himself William. He is simply a useful tool of Magee, and that is all he amounts to or ever will.

It is to this latter herd that Wanamaker belongs. Holy John, the "Reformer," was their candidate for Senator against Penrose, and lately their candidate for Governor against Stone. John and his fictitious "Republican State League of Business Men" has been getting licked with the beautiful precision of clockwork, and they blame all this on Quay. Hence it is that Angel John is a trifle sore under the saddle; his pin feathers worn off some, as it were.

And now—in these the long sultry days of the dog—comes the Reverend Silas C., whose last name is Swallow; and on the principle that "misery loves company," proposes to double up with pious Johnny. In the poetic language of the Artful Dodger "here's a go." What a blessing it is that "one swallow don't make a summer."

In order that the working people of Pennsylvania may properly understand the peculiarities of this little political side show, I append the following parallel columns taken from the New York "World," date of July 27, 1895, and after the working people have read and digested it, then they will be able to understand just about how much value

this combination is worth, of course—bearing in mind that Swallow is the Prohibition candidate for Governor:

Philadelphia, July 27, 1895.—The trouble among the employees of ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker over the low wages and petty tyranny of the boss bosses is serious. Since the publication of the employees' grievances and their steps to organize for self-protection, detectives have been employed in Wanamaker's store to find out the employees who have joined the union. The new Labor League, which numbers over 1,000, threatens to go out in a body, if any of their number is discharged. The League, which is known as "The Retail Employees' Protective Association," claims that they are paid but \$4.00 per week and are subjected to petty and unnecessary punishment for trivial faults. The delegates from the different lodges have formed a mutual protection agreement with the K. of L., and at a meeting of District Union No. 120, K. of L., a resolution was passed pledging moral and financial support to the employees in their efforts to obtain more liberal wages and conditions of labor. It is common knowledge in Philadelphia that the Wanamaker employees below a certain grade have fewer privileges and have to bear greater exactions than employees of any other dry goods firm.

This reads like the brutish drunken orgies of some Achanites nigger king, or the senseless stuffing of the Apache after a successful buffalo hunt. Evidently this ignorant young slob must think that the Pimped Pimps of Paris are all belly. But all this indicates the moral and intellectual grade of these labor sweaters with whom the Rev. Dr. Swallow desires to form a political partnership, and will have the supreme gall to ask decent people to vote for them.

In every department store in the land, are scores of unfortunate women, the miserable victims of this thoroughly vicious system of wage slavery, who have absolutely no power whatever to wring from the Wanamakers anything more than just what they choose to give them; victims—helpless, weak, defenceless—who MUST have SOME sort of a shelter, MUST have SOME food, and MUST dress themselves decently or lose their jobs. IT CANNOT BE DONE ON SUCH WAGES; consequently these women must make up the shortage in some way, and many of them have no other resource but prostitution.

John Wanamaker knows this; the Prohibitionist and Reformer Rev. Silas C. Swallow knows this; it is an open secret in business circles that prostitution of female employees has become a matter of course, a component part of "business" and a factor in "business" calculations. All this applies to John Wanamaker's "business" as well as others, and St. John, of the department store, teaches the largest Bible Class in the country on Sundays and knows, while he is doing it, that his very existence is a curse to hundreds of his fellows.

And these two pious, oily, unctuous, hypocritical old scoundrels are going to get together in politics;—a mighty dirty combination of dirty politics and dirty dollars; a combination that fills decent people with disgust and contempt too deep for utterance. And such is "Reform" politics in Pennsylvania.

How can workingmen fail to vote the S. L. P. ticket?

It certainly cannot be creditable to the workers of our land to see the poor estimation in which McKinley holds one of their conquerors.

Since the war broke out, the redoubtable Gen. Miles has been kicked about like a football. A junior officer was placed in command of the forces operating in Santiago and allowed to carry off the first land laurels. And only now, when almost defenceless little Porto Rico is to be captured, is Miles finally put in command.

What does all this mean, when we recall how this Miles was promenade from one end of the country to the other, and feasted as a hero for the "masterly way in which he nipped rebellion in the bud" at Chicago? Is it easier to conquer the workers of America than to overcome the nation whom they, and they alone, are conquering. The Spaniard is being beaten by the working class; can it be that the class that beats the Spaniard is more easy to get away with than the Spaniard whom it beats? That surely is absurd. And yet that is what means the treatment which the workingmen-conqueror Miles is receiving at the hands of McKinley.

NOW AND THEN.

The Philippines as they Are and as Capitalism Will Make them.

At Present the "Uncivilized" Philippine Islanders Enjoy Life—American Capitalism is to "Civilize" them—Once "Civilized" they Will No Longer Indulge in the "Barbarism" of the Enjoyment of Life, they will Sweat and Maul, like true Civilizers, for the Benefit of the American Capitalist Who lives in Idleness.

The Philippine Islands are, the way things look, to become our property. What that means to the natives may escape many people. It is well, therefore, now and betimes, to record the condition of the people, so that, if we do keep the islands, we may be able to compare the condition we shall soon thrust them in with the condition we drove them out of when we brought our civilization to them.

From the most reliable authority it is learned that, besides the one year out of seven that all foreign employees of the great mercantile houses represented in Manila have given to them as "home leave," there is a month's vacation each year, a regular holiday each month, and all the saints' days, and Spanish, French, English, German, and American holidays. Not to observe a saint's day in Manila is sinful, and every one holds such sinfulness in especial detestation. Figuring in all the saints' days, Sundays, and general holidays, there are 129 days in each year when these people do not work.

Clerks earn from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, besides having lodgings found, a mess allowance, medical attendance, and traveling expenses. They work from daylight to noon, rest for two or three hours, and then work till 5 o'clock, but they have much freedom in choosing their hours and are hurried only on mail days.

There are many excellent bands in Manila, and open-air concerts are given every evening in fair weather. Theatrical companies, both native and foreign, play through the season. The Mestiza chorus girl is alluring. In the cathedral and the churches the music is always good, though it is startling to the newcomer to hear, as he will in some services, a Gloria from "Trovatore," the Credo with music from "Barbiere," and the Elevation from "Traviata."

All of which goes to show that theory upon which people live there is that life is to be enjoyed. Now, just wait till our New England and other factories have set up their establishments there, and till plantations in the Philippines begin to be run on the bonanza farm style of capitalism. Then another theory of life will be set up, and enforced with club and bayonet: the theory that only the idle capitalist's life is there for enjoyment, that all other peoples' lives are there for "diligence and toil"; then the numerous holidays will be abolished, salaries curtailed, and concerts and promenades reserved for the "elite" only; then there will be seen the beauties of capitalism flourishing in full bloom—destitution of the many beated by toil, enjoyment of the few.

And yet it may never come so far. Long before that the working class of America may have got tired of carrying on its back the idle class of exploiters, of wetting with its sweat the perverse system of capitalism, and of tolerating on its flanks the gnats of the labor fakir; it may have decided to shake off the whole pack, throw down the existing system of rapine, and trumpet to the world the rise of the Socialist Republic.

In these hot days, the professional philanthropists blossom forth like mosquitoes; they inoculate the air with their wisdom. A philanthropic wisecrack comes out with the information that "fully seven-tenths of the illness among babies are due to the ignorance of the mothers of the poorer class, who do not understand modern sanitary methods."

What opportunity is there for the mothers of the working class to apply "modern sanitation" in their cramped, ill-ventilated, stuffy quarters? What chance is there for cleanliness when families of five are obliged to crowd into two or three rooms, and one of these a kitchen? Not the ignorance of the mothers of the poor, but the criminality of the rich, in short, of the capitalist class, is responsible for the illness and the wholesale mortality of the children of the poor. A social system and its upholders that tears up the family, throws out of work the bread winner, drags into the factory and the shop the mother, pauperizes both, and thrusts them into dog kennels to live in—such a social system and its upholders are worse than cholera microbes, and deserve to be treated as such.

"As a matter of economy," the management of the Vincennes, Ind., Street Railway Company are about to employ women instead of men as conductors. More than fifty women answered the company's advertisement; they are forthwith to be installed, and men are to be displaced;—indeed a thrilling illustration of the way the family is promoted and protected by the capitalist system.

A COMING STORM.

Impending Shut-Down in New England Mills.

The Cotton-Mill Owners, Unable to Bid Themselves in the Market of the Surplus they have Plundered their Workers of, are Arranging a Shut-Down—Machinery, Held by Private Hands, Will Operate only for Profit, i. e., for Increased Plunder—The Social Revolution Only Adequate to End the Evil.

FALL RIVER, Mass., July 27.—If the workmen of New England scan the horizon, they will perceive the signs of an approaching storm; and if they watch the storm closely, they will learn not a little from it.

About thirty cotton mills of this city have agreed to close down for four weeks in the near future; the movement will affect about half the spindles of the city, or 1,500,000, and throw into idleness about half of the total of 25,000 factory employees of Fall River.

But that's not all. The movement is not merely a local one; like the movements of capitalists recently, it is a combined and general one; it is to include the cotton manufacturers generally throughout New England. The plan is to obtain the consensus of sufficient manufacturers to cover 4,000,000 spindles. When this is obtained the shut-down will be ordered.

And why all this?

More important, in a way, than the misery itself that is impending over the operatives, is the answer to this question. The answer lays bare the blight upon civilization that is implied in the private ownership of the modern tool of production, to wit, CAPITAL.

The cotton factories of New England are among the most improved means of production extant. Their productive capacity is enormous, greatly in excess of any amount of wealth that they have yet turned out. And the people who work them? They are in poverty; they produce cloth, and have not enough to wear; and their fellow laborers, whose co-operation in all the other branches of industry enables the textile workers to produce as abundantly, all sharp one another's poverty. With nakedness and lack of the necessities of life, accordingly, with a strong actual demand for wealth to consume, and with millions upon millions of spindles, arranged in the most improved manner, ready to turn out an avalanche of cloth, in other words, with want on the one side, and, on the other, the ample means to satisfy it, what happens? Are these tools of production set in motion to the end that the people may enjoy the comforts with which the cotton mills are big? No! The motion that these tools are now in is to be curtailed, even stopped! Why?

The mills to-day have two features: one feature is the potentiality of unlimited production; the other feature is private ownership. The second feature smites the first with palsy.

Being owned by private concerns, in a word, being capital, the mills are not to be operated except in so far as they can yield profit to the private holders. The result of this is disastrous to the nation. The mills, being private property, have been all along operated for profit only. That is to say for every hundred dollars' worth of goods that the workers have produced, they got in wages only a twenty-five dollars' equivalent. With that \$25 they could not purchase back the other seventy-five dollars' worth. The capitalist class, that robbed them of their seventy-five dollars' worth, calling that profit, cannot itself consume the whole of its plunder. Say that it consume forty dollars' worth thereof, there remain thirty-five dollars' worth unconsumed, neither can the capitalist class squander it,—it is satisfied,—nor can the working class, needy though it is, reach that surplus—it has received too small wages for that. That thirty-five dollars' worth of surplus accumulates. The capitalist tries to unload it on foreign markets; but there it comes across a working class population that has been plucked just the same as its own domestic working class. The surplus can't be got rid of there. New markets must then be opened; wars are ordered, etc.; but yet the surplus can't be got rid of, seeing that all the other capitalists of all the other countries turn up there, driven by the same law. After a while that surplus has grown unmanageable. To continue operating the mills, etc., is only to increase the surplus on hand; production would leave no profit, and thus,—with want, on all sides, and with the ample capacity to satisfy it, on the other—production is stopped, a shut down is ordered;—and want is increased proportionally.

This is the quarter from which the present storm, that threatens the New England textile operatives, is to break loose from. It is the quarter of CAPITAL, the quarter of the private ownership of the tools of production. How is this storm to be guarded against? Only in one way: it must be PREVENTED. There is no such thing as "providing against" it; there is no such thing as "fortifying oneself so as to meet it"; such tactics are all well enough against the visitations of nature; but even there the intelligent man seeks to prevent the evil wherever he can, and does not throw himself upon the cure: cholera, yellow-jack, etc., etc., all are prevented, as far as one can; we do not wait until they come, and then look for means against them. The visitations of the storm or blight of Capitalism cannot be "guarded against."

—they must and can be prevented. And the way to do that is to destroy the hotbed of evil. At Siboney, the village was burnt up as a breeding place of yellow fever; in civilized society Capitalism must be burnt up as the breeding cause of an infinitely more dreadful plague—wage slavery and popular poverty. The tool of production, now held as private property by, and operated for the private profit of, a class that stole it from the race, must be restored to the race, to be operated for the race's use.

It is not surprising that just now Mr. Whitehead, the local labor fakir, who has a capitalist political job, should be in hot water with the Socialists. Screech owls are heralds of the approaching storm; and Whitehead is screeching to make one deaf. He knows the troubles that are approaching when the shut-down is ordered; he knows, too, that Socialist Labor party education has been tonicking the workers' mind; he knows also that an uprising of class-conscious Labor will follow the storm close upon its heels,—and then, woe to the Labor Fakir, his master the Capitalist Class, and the Dungeon-keep of both—the Capitalist System.

A recent decision by the Cigarmakers' International Union against one of its members forcibly recalls the justice of an article in these columns a little over a year ago entitled "Lapses," in which it was proven that the Labor Fakirs, who run the Cigarmakers' Union, had begun to tremble for their fat salaries in view of the Union's financial decline, and were resorting to the tricks of Insurance Companies: rake in premiums, and then avoid obligations.

One John Kneec, cigarmaker, member of Union 132, Brooklyn, N. Y., fell out of work. One of the lures that the Union holds out to gather new members (read to collect their dues), is that, if they are out of work, they get "out-of-work benefits." Poor Kneec bit at the bait, and was landed into the Union, i. e., paid his dues, imagining all along that if "in the struggle of capital against capital," which the Union preaches, he should be wounded, i. e., get out of work, his dues would then drop back over him, like a sweet manna. He did get out of work, and, like the innocent he must be, he expected his "out-of-work" benefit, and applied for it. Forthwith, the Union's mask was dropped, and its fake Insurance Company features protruded into Kneec's face.

Kneec has a wife; to help him out and make it possible to get along with his wages, which, despite the Union's lying promises to protect him in, were steadily going down, she set up a little fancy store. This fancy store was seized upon by the Executive Board of the Union as a pretext to defraud Kneec of his allowance. They decided that the store was a means of support, and that the out-of-work benefit is only for those members who have no other means of support;—just the way a fake Insurance Company seizes upon any pretext to escape paying out any insurance.

The ill-starred Kneec may now be a wiser man; and he surely is asking himself whether his present means of support could not be a better one if he had kept his dues, and not supported the fakir officers of the Union.

It is not our New York State volunteers alone who are "making experiences" in the "camps" in which they are being speculated on by the Democratic and Republican politicians. The Ohio workingmen volunteers are also learning.

At Camp Norman M. Smith, located near Alliance, O., some of the members of Company F are cursing the army contractors for the poor quality of goods in their uniforms. The shoes that were given them about a month ago are already wearing out, and are not worth half the price that they are charged for them.

Privates in the service are allotted \$48.36 the first six months for their equipment, and out of this the Government furnishes them with clothing and all wearing apparel at the following average prices: Shoes, \$1.80; blouses, \$3.50; trousers, \$2.35; shirts, \$1.80; campaign hats, 90 cents; suspenders, 21 cents; socks, 6 cents per pair; underwear, etc. They are expected to keep two uniforms upon this.

Old Pullman, of Pullman Palace Car and Pullman strike reputation, surely neither lived nor died in vain.

Alive, he exemplified during the great strike, that his class did the ruling. He was begged to submit to the force of arbitration; he insisted, correctly enough, that there was nothing to arbitrate; demanded protection, and Gen. Miles, otherwise, as is now evident, good for nothing, conquered Chicago in short order and kept Pullman on top.

Dead, he is now proving that the accumulations of the capitalist accumulate regardless of the capitalist himself, and exclusively through the working class; in the nine months that have elapsed since his death the value of the stock he left has risen from 160 to 210, or from \$6,400,000 to \$8,400,000!

GAUNTLET THROWN

By Section Revere, Mass., at the Local Police.

WE HOLD OUR GROUND.

An Other Attempt by the Representatives of the "Pillars of Society" to Abridge Free Speech—The Attempt Fails Through the Plucky Stand of the Socialist Speaker and Organization—An Interesting Dialogue Between a Representative Socialist and a Representative Barbarian, the Former Winning a Decided Victory.

REVERE, Mass., July 24.—Three thousand persons witnessed this afternoon a very interesting dialogue on Crescent Beach between the following personages:

Revere Policeman (Pushing the crowd aside and roughly grasping the Socialist speaker by the arm)—"Show me your permit!"

Martha Moore Avery—"I have none."

R. P. (gruffly)—"Then you have no business to speak here."

M. M. Avery—"Where is your authority, sir?"

R. P.—"That's all right; you can't speak here; you have no right."

M. M. Avery—"But you are mistaken, sir; I have; and I WILL speak here. Is not this public property?"

R. P.—"Yes, it is; but you are causing an obstruction."

M. M. Avery (Aside to the audience)—"Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to bear witness whether or no we are causing an obstruction. Behold, on the left of us are the carriages passing and repassing, while on our right is the sidewalk, which gives free passage to all, and if any obstruction is caused it is their duty (pointing to policeman) to clear for us the way. Then I ask you ALL, are we obstructing?"

(Shouts from a thousand voices)—"No, no, no!"

M. M. Avery (Turning to Revere Policeman)—"You see, sir, that you are mistaken."

R. P. (feeling uneasy)—"You will have to step down and move on or I will arrest you."

M. M. Avery (Smiling)—"Well, you may suit yourself about that."

So the Revere Policeman departed, rattling his bunch of keys to ring up, and has not been seen since, while Comrade Avery kept on speaking for fully two hours after. Along the beach we could have secured many private lots, but realizing that Socialists must form the fighting battalions of the working class, we were desirous of making a test on our own lot (the public highway), which resulted in the above victory for young Section Revere.

BYRON EFFORD.

It is quite evident that the blowing in which our capitalist press is indulging on the subject of our victories in Cuba has an ulterior purpose; its purpose is to intimidate the working class; its purpose is to make out the Army to be such a powerful affair that workingmen will stand overawed by it, and never dare to strike. But our capitalist journalists little know what they are doing. They will, eventually, if not sooner, find out that their praises effect just the reverse of what they purport. It is coming out, not fast, but by degrees, and quite fast for all practical purposes, that the redoubtable heroes were the rank and file, i. e., the workingmen soldiers—the very element in the army that the capitalist class has to fear; while the politicians and the incompetents were the higher officers—the very element in the army that capitalists will have to rely on. Take for instance the dazzling achievement on the heights of St. Juan.

It now turns out that the feat was accomplished by the soldiers, left in the lurch by the officers. With Mauser bullets whizzing mysteriously through the air and peppering them; unwilling to retreat; unguided by officers; the soldiers rushed forward, animated by a spontaneous sense of exhilarating daring, if not desperation; they rushed up through a hailstorm of shot; and conquered. Theirs and theirs alone was the glory, the bravery, and the determination.

As in the battle-fields of production, so on those of war it is the rank and file of the proletariat that accomplishes great achievements; the capitalist class or its representatives are, on the one field as on the other, the shirkers.

Can a class of shirkers maintain itself by force through shirkers?

It certainly must be heralded as a good sign of the times that the call for additional volunteers does not meet with any alarming response.

Twenty-five out of the thirty-three States, called on to furnish fresh food for cannon, have failed to recruit the required number. Evidently our working people are sobering up. Well for them. If our capitalists want to acquire mines and plantations abroad, let them go and fight for it.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential)..... 2,048
In 1892 (Presidential)..... 15,281
In 1896 (Presidential)..... 21,187
In 1898 (Presidential)..... 25,125
In 1896 (Presidential)..... 26,564
In 1897..... 55,673

Labor and Peace are reciprocal terms; they supplement each other; they are integral. Capitalism and militarism are the two great scourges of modern nations.

Magalhães Lima.

JUDGE GUMMERE'S DECISION.

It is a fundamental principle in the science of sociology, and, therefore, of Socialism, that material interests are the ground work of all superstructure of morality, ethics, etc. This principle is violently denied by the upholders of the present, or capitalist, social system. Yielding either to the vulgarity of their intellect, which habitually gets things upside down, or to the weakness of their character, which seeks to deck out Wrong in the garb of Right, they place morality first and make it out the head-fountain of all else. The recent decision of Judge Gummere in New Jersey furnishes an eminent illustration of the correctness of the Socialist and the falsity of the capitalist theory.

A boy, Melville Graham, was killed two years ago by the Consolidated Traction Company of New Jersey; his father brought suit for damages; and the Judge ruled no damages could be claimed on the ground that "children are rather burdens than sources of profit to their parents." What is the source of the morality that underlies this view?

New Jersey, if such a thing is possible, is the most railroad-ridden State in the Union. Everywhere the Government is more or less dominated by the railroads; in New Jersey this is eminently so. Governors, Legislatures, Judges are the clerks of railroad interests pre-eminently. The material interests of gentlemen are rooted in the interests of the railroads; hence, what is to the detriment of these is Wrong, and what is to their interest is Right. The moral sense of Judge Gummere is an exhalation of his pocket, and that draws its supplies from the railroads.

The power of material interests to shape moral views is, however, in this instance exemplified with exceptional force. Where no express statute provides otherwise, New Jersey is ruled by the Common Law. At Common Law, parents are entitled to the "services" of their children, and these "services" are a basis for a suit in damages when injury accrues to a child. No express or other New Jersey law has repealed the Common Law principle. It stands to-day, and, among the laws that Judge Gummere swore to uphold when he took office was that. Yet he overthrew and lightly vaults over it; and he sets up a new principle—obedient to the material interests of his class.

Why, then? Judge Gummere's decision is legitimate; as legitimate as the crab apple is the fruit of the crab apple tree. With the capitalist system of production in force, with capitalist office clerks in office, the government can be nothing else than the reflex of such material interests, and the morality of such government can not choose but partake of that of the cannibal.

Material interests are the root of social, moral and other conceptions. If these interests are low and barbarous, the result must be a low and barbarous conception. Only the high and civilized material interests that underlie Socialism and the class that upholds it can bear civilized fruit.

POLITICAL and ECONOMIC.

A new weekly has appeared in Nebraska City, Neb. It is edited by J. Sterling Morton, ex-Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland's last regime. The name of the new weekly is "The Conservative." Its programme merits attention:

"The main object of 'The Conservative' is the conservation of all that is deemed desirable in the social, industrial and political life of the United States."

Having thus precluded its general outlines, "The Conservative" is kind enough to proceed to specifications. Among the things which it enumerates as being worthy of being "conserved" are:

1.—"The civil service merit system," which is merely a scheme to provide public office for the children of capitalists, or, rather, to debar the working class from the civil service. The "merit system," so-called, provides for

elaborate examinations, not on the subjects that concern the office to be examined for, but on all kinds of general information, obtainable only by people who have had a chance to go to school at least up to their 21st year. The working people have no such chance; before they have fairly got through the primaries they must go to work; the opportunity for an education, needed to stand the examination of the "merit system," is thus taken away from the working people by the very class in whose interest the system is worthy of "conservation" which provides for the idle brats of the idle capitalist class.

2.—"No distinction between classes who labor with their hands and those who labor with their brains";—altogether a very easy thing, seeing there is actually no difference between the inventor wage slave, who is robbed of his brain-product, and the manual wage slave who is robbed of his hand-product; the two belonging to one and the same class—the wage slave class—the class that can not earn a living without it sells itself into wage slavery to the idle holder of capital, and is thus robbed by him. But what "The Conservative" really means, and that, surely, is no easy task and will become daily a harder one, is something else. It means that it will endeavor to "conserve" the dust that now conceals the fact that the capitalist class is a wholly idle, superfluous and parasitic class, and that imputes to this parasitic, superfluous, idle class the attributes of production. It means to "conserve" the nursery tale about the capitalists' right to his share of wealth, which is reducible to the absurd proposition that "Idleness is the source of all wealth."

3.—"Equality of the rights of individuals and the rights of corporations,"—which is equivalent to upholding the rights of inferiorly built and equipped Spanish cruisers and the rights of superiorly built and equipped American battle ships—a decidedly difficult task; as it means to hoodwink the awakening proletariat on the fact that the individual has no show against combined capital.

These three planks no doubt make a first-class platform. After their enunciation it was wholly superfluous for "The Conservative" to declare that it will neither tolerate nor indulge in "demagogism": it is committed body and soul to plutogism.

Not an abortion, as this "Conservative," but the timely birth of a useful member in the fraternity of journalism, is "The Tocsin," a Socialist Labor party paper that will appear in Minneapolis on the 4th of next month. The attitude of clean cut and aggressive policy of the Minnesota comrades, to say nothing of the ability and rectitude of the comrade chosen to be the responsible Editor—Algernon Lee—are both in earnest that the tocsin, that will be rung by our new collaborator, will not be the brainless clatter of the calamity howler, but the well tuned alarm note that teaches while it stirs, and organizes while it gathers.

Starvation wages are now being introduced among the spies of capitalism. As much is to be inferred from the following news item in the Detroit, Mich., "Motorman and Conductor":

"An exchange informs us that lady conductors are now employed on the street cars in Chillicothe, O., and that they are receiving about one-half the wages paid the men who were discharged from these positions."

On the 19th of last month an article appeared in these columns giving facts and figures, taken from the "Cigarmakers' Official Journal," and illustrating the criminal folly of the "pure and simple" idea. With the facts and figures furnished by the "Journal" itself, the article argued and proved that the International Cigar Makers' Union was making a headlong plunge to ruination, and that, unless it bleeds its rank and file even harder than during the last two years, one single year would almost wholly wipe out the reserve fund. To this categorical exposition the "Cigarmakers' Official Journal" makes an "answer" that is a complete admission of guilt—at least to every sensible man. It reports with almost two of its broad columns of nothing but personal abuse, and closes with this "clinger":

"They (those who write THE PEOPLE) are genuine rascals, lying, insinuating character-assassins and real would-be union wreckers."

Our case is proven all around.

Says the rifle-dig-for-the-working-men and gold-bug-free trader New York "Evening Post":

"When the last soldier shall have left Cuba, the island will be found, for all civil purposes, with regularly organized municipal governments."

Here is an omission; the article should have added among the things that will be found on the island "swarms of northern vultures, with beaks and talons twice as sharp as any that ever descended on the island from Spain, having been sharpened by the capitalist system"; and these vultures illustrate the blessings of freedom, as capitalism understands it, by making free with every thing they can take hold of.



At the International Socialist Labor Congress, held in London in 1896, a resolution was adopted to the effect that "While it is absolutely necessary for the working people to make use of the political power in order to secure and enforce the demands of labor, yet differences of political views, held by members of labor organizations should not be a reason for separate organization in the economic struggle, causing dissensions and disruptions."

This resolution is eminently wise, and was supported by the S. L. P. delegate to the Congress, immediately after the party's emphatic endorsement, in convention, of the S. T. & L. A.

That the Labor Fakirs, whom the S. T. & L. A. is driving from cover, should invoke that resolution against the tactics of the S. T. & L. A. is nothing surprising. We have more than once called attention to the identity of tactics by Capitalists and Labor Fakirs. The capitalists declare that THEY are the Nation, and that the Nation, such as they have molded it, is THE Nation; it follows, logically enough from these premises, that, to hit the capitalist is to hit the Nation, and that, to propose another social system is treason to the Nation. So likewise reason the Labor Fakirs. According to them, THEY are the Union, and the Union, such as they run it, is THE Union, is THE labor organization. Logically enough from their premises, to expose their rascality, ignorance and corruption is a blow at Unionism, and to strive after a genuine trade organization of the working class, an organization that does not leave and lead the proletariat like sheep for the capitalist "shambles," is treason to Unionism. That's all plain and natural enough. The capitalist objects to splitting up the united people into "warring classes," why should not the Labor Fakir object to the introduction of "disruptions and dissensions" into his preserves?

The odd thing, that attention may profitably be called to, is the circumstance that the resolution is likewise invoked by a very different set of people from the Labor Fakir, to wit, some, a dozen, or two, or three, of Germans who here set themselves up as a sort of Socialist incantationists, claim to be the fountain head of all Socialist wisdom and interpretation, and set up this claim, not upon any reasoning—they will always be seen to run away from all argument—but upon the mere ground of their long number of years in the Socialist Movement; some even trace their Socialism to ancestry. For short, we shall here call them the "Old Socialists." Their attitude deserves close scrutiny. When scrutinized, it will be found that some of them enroll with Tammany; others went over to Populism; many more would have liked to; some got scared for their little bank accounts and supported McKinley; others succumb to the "one thing at a time" theory, and, in one place, become nationalizationists à la capital, in others, try, or coquette with, Altgeldism, and, in yet other places, fly off into all sorts of convenient grooves. The scrutiny reveals the leading feature of the "Old Socialists"—he is on the run. How terrible the panic is that sets him running a closer inquiry into the resolution in question will make clear.

Among the delegations at the London Congress who held up the resolution was the German delegation. They had behind them a longer history than any. Early in their history, a generation ago, they were confronted with the identical problem that the movement is confronted with here: Labor organizations were set up drawing their inspiration from England, i. e., they grounded themselves upon capitalism, and sailed under the flag of Capital. That was the "Hirsch-Dunker" movement. How did the German Socialist movement of then treat these "labor organizations"? Did they say these organizations consisted of wage slaves, and therefore must be treated as such? No! They looked at the principles that animated the thing, saw "capitalism" written all over it, and—they sailed in and smashed them up, in some cases even physically.

And justly so. Had that not been done then, the German movement would not be the inspiring portent it is to-day. The S. L. P., through the S. T. & L. A. is now doing that work for the American movement that our militant German comrades did years ago. The Labor Fakir—controlled "pure and simple" union is in America essentially what the Hirsch-Dunker affair was in Germany. The one and the other ignore the economic basis of the Labor Movement; accordingly, are a denial of the class struggle; and, consequently, can only be a curse to the proletariat. To put an end to this curse the S. T. & L. A. was organized, and is doing its work admirably. It concerns itself no wise with the "political views" of the individuals; it leaves that to the result of sound education on the class struggle; but, due to the ripened sense of "pure and simple" here, the S. T. & L. A. BARS FROM OFFICE any member who takes prominent part in capitalist politics. The resolution of the London Congress quoted above cannot have been, was not, passed against the tactics of the S. T. & L. A., least of all by the German delegations—just the reverse.

When the Old Socialist now seeks to prevent "dissensions and disruptions" in the American counterparts of Hirsch-Dunkerism, he is on such a run, away from the traditions of his own Germany, that he even throws away, to lighten his run, one of the wisest moves of our comrades in Germany.

The "Old Socialist" does not live in America; he does not even live in Germany; he lives in a Germany that does not and never did exist.

The receipt of a sample copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe.

REJECTED

And Thereby Proved to be of Value.

The below letter, written by Comrade Harry Carless, of Newark, N. J., in answer to an article in the "Evening News" of that city, was rejected by the Editor. Here is the Comrade's thorough chastisement of the capitalist Editor for his ignorance and presumption to speak of what he knows nothing about, or for his even worse offence of writing against his better knowledge:

76 Springfield Avenue,
Newark, N. J., July 11, 1898.

Editor of "Evening News":

Dear Sir—In your editorial of Friday evening, headed "Socialistic Tendencies in France," you effectively prove the fallacy of several arguments advanced as to the cause of the recent growth of Socialism among the French peasantry; but fall into equally as great an error as those you criticize when you say "The real root of the evil is a lack of appreciation of the inevitable results of Socialism. Under our present system a few are rich and the masses relatively poor. Under Socialism every one would be very poor, because there would be very much less wealth produced than there is now."

As a Socialist I would like an opportunity to take exception to that statement, and argue that there would be much more wealth produced under Socialism than under our present system, and that the masses would be infinitely better off than they are now.

Our present method of production is a competitive one, entirely planless, and entails great loss of human energy. Take as an example the advertising necessary in a competitive industry. Reflect upon the enormous expenditures of rival soap manufacturers, of which but little is employed to convey useful information. To conquer new territory, or to hold its own against attacks of rivals, each one of several great companies spends enormous amounts, which can scarcely fail to run up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. P. M. Magnusson, a careful student of this question, estimates the expenses of advertising in this country alone at five hundred millions of dollars a year, of which five millions would be ample to convey all the useful information given by this advertising. We have, say in a given industry, one hundred factories, each running three-quarter time. Now, if we had order instead of chaos in production, seventy-five factories could run full time, and an immense saving of labor result.

In the distribution of wealth we have hosts of agents and drummers; we have twenty stores where one would suffice. As an example, take the milk industry. I will quote from a recent article in your own paper relative to the proposed milk trust: "By way of illustration, Mr. Gilmore referred to the city of New York, where about 4,000 retailers are daily engaged supplying milk. Their routes cover a large territory, and as many as twenty dealers have individual customers on one block. The trust proposes to change that system and divide the city into districts, embracing contiguous territory, all to be supplied by one dealer. Under such an arrangement he said 1,000 dealers could do the work now done by 4,000, which would effect a reduction of 300 per cent. in the cost of delivery." Here we see the proposed trust has learned a lesson in economy from our national postal system, where we see all labor utilized to its fullest extent. Under Socialism the nation—the people collectively—would own all the tools of production and distribution. We would not only distribute mail matter, but manufacture and distribute all articles of necessity and comfort that we desire. It would be as unnecessary to have drummers scurrying from one end of these States to the other in search of orders for shoes as it is now to get orders for postage stamps. No more need to advertise linen or silk than there is to advertise money orders now. Still, in spite of all the waste of energy this present system implies, we are able to produce annually over \$1,000 per family. Under Socialism, with order and economy in production, we could easily quadruple that.

To whom would the \$4,000 per family go? To the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess Castellane, to the idle foreign or native capitalists? No! There would be no capitalists. The nation would own the land and capital, and, as a consequence, the wealth produced would go to those who had helped to produce it.

It is generally conceded even by opponents that under Socialism much more wealth COULD be produced; but, they argue, "when private enterprise gives way to national enterprise, what will be the stimulus to labor? Will not the idle evade their fair share of labor, and live in clover on the industry of their neighbors?"

I will now conclude by quoting from a speech recently delivered in the French Chamber of Deputies by Jules Guesde in answer to this very question:

"Permit me here to answer one of the objections most commonly made to Socialists by persons who do not understand the first elements of Socialism. We are told: 'In the future society any incentive to labor will have disappeared.' To which we reply that this thing that you apprehend in the future is the very thing that exists to-day. Indeed, to-day the workers in the mills, paid by the day, have nothing to incite them to yield a maximum of productivity. Just the reverse; the more they produce, the more enforced idleness they cause. Were they to work twice as hard one day they would simply have thrown away a whole day's wages. It is under the modern social system that there is no incentive to work. This is so obvious a fact that you are constantly increasing the number of spies in your factories. You are well aware that the human machines have so little incentive to work and so much reason to lower their productivity, that, if they were left to themselves, the output would drop to a minimum. This is so true that in England in certain trades unions the workman is enjoined not to perform too much work, for a workman doing too much not only robs himself of future work and wages, but steals work from comrades whom his activity consigns to enforced idleness. That is why, in the cause of solidarity, and in the interest of all, the English trades unions take measures to hinder over-production by

any of their members. The worker has now no direct and personal interest in producing his uttermost; under Socialism, on the contrary, this individual stimulus will be carried to its maximum; because if, under existing conditions, all available members of the community need to work seven or eight hours a day, under Socialism, if the productivity of labor has increased, five hours and a half or less will suffice to accomplish the same results else the consumption must be increased. In a nation which is the mistress of her production, there will be in all branches of human activity, in all the shops and factories, a natural tendency to produce as much as possible in the least possible time, because such an effort would result in an increase of repose and of enjoyment to the workers themselves. And these men, intellectually and muscledly developed, and well versed in science, as they will be, will evermore strain their minds to perfect, simplify, automatise the productive machinery, because the more the machine can do, the less will remain to be done by the man, and every mechanical improvement will therefore mean fresh leisure for art and science, and the assurance of fresh enjoyments of life to all. The social system we aim at will not be one of barbarism. It will be the only really humane system the world has ever seen—unless you take from history's great desert the solitary little oasis of Greece, where a few men lived like gods. But to the end that the minority should reach this degree of culture and enjoyment, a majority of slaves, treated like beasts of burden, had to die under their fardels. The ransom of Greek liberty, Greek philosophy, Greek art and Greek science was slavery. Aristotle was right when he declared that slavery would only disappear when machines could do the work. Well, that moment has arrived. We have them, our slaves of iron and steel; they are our steam-horses and mechanism. And it is because man's genius has torn her productive forces from nature, conquered them, reduced them to slavery, and made them work and produce for him, that we say the hour of man's liberation has struck."

Yours respectfully,
HENRY CARLESS.

THE SERVING BROTHER.

(Adapted from the Swedish for THE PEOPLE by ANNA C. WALLBERG, Worcester, Mass.)

I.
In traveling on life's long journey
You feel so safe and content—
Of course you never go hungry—
A table is spread in your tent.
You pass through beautiful places;
And on soft cushions you rest.
Sleep sweetly—the Serving Brother,
He watches over your nest.

II.
Who is he? Hardly his features
Have made the faintest impress;
The big coarse hand that he reaches
You never even would press.
Like the Spirit of Light, mutely,
Imperceptibly, obeys he
Your order without demur;
A manifold mystical being—
A throng round your strange door.

III.
Your house, a beautiful home-den,
Well furnished, cosy and warm.
Your coat and unblemished linen,
That gives to your person a charm;
A street, well watered and dusted,
A walk for your foot adjusted,
The fresh breakfast roll you cut—
All this—the Serving Brother,
Who serves you in every spot.

IV.
He holds the reins of the steam-horse,
He is black with the engine's soot,
While transported in smiling dream—
course
You go on the smooth even road.
When in enchantment you're dwelling,
And 'mong poets your hours dispelling,
'Mong harmonies, that ne'er die,
The Serving Brother, the black one,
On snow-white page did them ply.

V.
Thus quietly walks he the pathway,
That fate, not himself, did choose;
It goes as of old, "Well, I pay,"
You say, and on that repose.
You think that is all that is needed;
But suppose that the spirit heeded
No more your command or word,
But a sea of heads in uproar
Gave a wild enraged discord.

VI.
Learn to see in the Serving Spirit
A comrade, an equal, a friend;
The callous hand press, and not in it
Only a coin to expend.
Elevate, help him, befriend him;
A greeting gladly extend him,
As brother clasp hand, and him own,
Learn to know the Serving Brother,
But mind, what you do, do it soon.

As we go to press, welcome tidings arrive from Lynn, Mass. The "Latters' Union of that city, Union 32, the strongest in every sense, of all the shoemakers organizations attached to Messrs. Tobin, Silverman and Eaton's A. F. of L. Boot & Shoeworkers' Union, withdrew from that pure and simple concern. On the 26th instant it took a vote and surrendered its charter.

This is the outcome of Alliance education that has for some time been going on in the Union. Well done latters; contact with the Dan Harries and Sam Gomperses can bring on only leprous contamination.

The English translation of Karl Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire," that recently ran through THE PEOPLE, is now to be had bound in an elegant volume of 78 pages, with Marx' picture as frontispiece. This work is of great value. No Socialist, even though he be no student, and no student even though he be no Socialist, can afford to be without it. Apply Labor News Co., 64 E. 4th street, N. Y. City. Price, 25 cents.

Boston, Mass.

THE PEOPLE and Socialist literature can always be had at Comrade C. O. Bruckner's store, 24 West Canton street.



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN.

Brother Jonathan—I had an idea that the free traders and tariff reformers generally claimed for their plan that it would smash all trusts.

Uncle Sam—Oh, yes; they have claimed that, and I should not wonder if some of them even claimed that free trade would abolish the whooping cough.

B. J.—But already they seem to have forgotten all about that.

U. S.—Have they?
B. J.—Yes, here is one of them who says that "the Pottery Trust will doubtless lower the wages of its employees so as to down a competing concern, and doubtless when the Trust has ruined its insubordinate rival and put up prices again, the 'deadly' Wilson bill will prevent wages from going up, too." I call this the biggest piece of shamelessness yet out.

U. S.—But why?
B. J.—Don't you see he admits that the Pottery Trust will live on unsmashed after the Wilson bill has been enacted into law.

U. S.—I do.
B. J.—And don't you see that this is in contradiction with their promise to smash the Trust through tariff reform?

U. S.—I do.
B. J.—And don't you call that shamelessness?
U. S.—What? Their saying that the Trust will live on unsmashed, or their not saying still that they are going to smash it?

B. J.—Either or both; I don't care which.

U. S.—No, I can't agree with you.
B. J.—Well, that takes the cake!
U. S.—The Trust, good boy, and you might as well keep cool about it and know the fact, can not be smashed. In its early stages it melts away and reforms, always growing stronger until it has reached the point when it breaks down no more. A good many, if not most of our Trusts, have reached that point to-day.

B. J.—Why, that is incredible!
U. S.—And yet 'tis true; and 'tis natural it should be so. The small capital a man could start a factory with 30 years ago would not begin to do the job now. The Trust is concentrated capital that has risen on the ruins of a whole lot of smaller concerns. What is there to smash it?

B. J.—Free trade, I thought.
U. S.—Let us see. What business drives another concern out of the market?

B. J.—A competitor who can offer the public greater advantages.
U. S.—One who sells cheaper?

B. J.—Well, yes!
U. S.—If a concern can not afford to sell as cheap as another, which of the two would go down?

B. J.—The one that can't sell as cheap.
U. S.—Stick a pin there. Now, another question: Which of two concerns can sell cheaper, one with large or one with small capital?

B. J.—Of course the one with large capital.

U. S.—Now we are ready to return to the main question. To smash a concern, Trust or otherwise, do you need some other concern to sell cheaper?

B. J.—Of course.
U. S.—In other words, you would need a concern with larger capital than the one to be smashed.

B. J.—Exactly.
U. S.—If, then, one Trust is to be smashed, it must be done by another Trust, only a bigger one.

B. J.—Why, that's so!
U. S.—All "Trust Smashing" then amounts to this: The smashing of a smaller by a bigger Trust—i. e., the solidifying of the Trust. Can you escape this reasoning?

B. J.—No, I don't see how.

U. S.—Wherein then lies the shamelessness of the free traders in admitting that the Trust is bound to flourish unsmashed?

B. J.—I see your point; but I now amend my charge. It is not shameless to admit such a fact; but it is shameless to have deceived us with the false hope that they would knock all Trusts into a cocked hat.

U. S.—I shall not deny the soundness of that charge, but you place yourself in a bad light when you admit he charges you. Who but boobies are taken in by what any capitalist party promises?

B. J.—I was a boobey. An open confession is good for the soul.

The numerous calls that have come in for the New Bedford speech "What Means This Strike?" published in these columns a few weeks ago, has determined the National Executive Committee to reprint it in pamphlet form. It can be had at the Labor News Company, 64 E. 4th street, this city. Single copies, 5 cents; 10 copies, 30 cents; 100 copies, \$2.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Comrade Peter Steenmans, Jr., 11 Guilford street, has been elected agent for THE PEOPLE.

All subscribers in arrears are requested to kindly remit when called upon by the agent.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Comrade Max Keller, 1016 Hope street, has been duly appointed agent for THE PEOPLE.

All subscribers are urgently requested to settle for their subscription by July 1st in arrears. Give him a hand, agitating and gathering new subscribers.

